

the STORAGRAM



Kaufmann's
The Big Store'

Pittsburgh, Pa.
fifth Avenue

Woman

SHE'S an angel in truth, a demon in fiction, a woman's the greatest of all contradictions. She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse, but she'll tackle a husband as big as a house. She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse, she'll split his head open and then be his nurse, and when he is well and can get out of bed, she'll pick up a teapot and throw at his head.

She's faithful, deceitful, keen-sighted and blind; she's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind; she'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down, she'll make him her clown. You fancy she is this but you find she is that, for she'll play like a kitten and bite like a cat. In the morning she will, in the evening she won't and you are always expecting she does, but she don't.—*Exchange.*

The STORAGRAM

The management does not see this publication until it is issued, therefore assumes no responsibility for articles printed in it

Published monthly by and for the employees of Kaufmann's, "The Big Store"; printed and bound in our own Printing Shop

Vol. VI

Pittsburgh, Pa., April

No. 3



WE'RE ALL WAITING FOR THIS

—and we want every one of last year's crowd to boost for a banner nineteen hundred twenty five vacation season. Let's have the biggest crowd ever at camp this year!

Mr. Brannigan Likes This

While praises of customers are not the rarest things that are received in the daily mail, each new one fills us with a new tingle of pride and we like to spread the feeling. Mr. Brannigan received the following letter and felt the warmth of its praise so gladly that he passes it along for all store eyes to read.

Kaufmann's, Adjustment Department
Fifth Avenue and Smithfield St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen.

It is indeed a pleasure to write this letter of appreciation for the courteous action you took with regard to the mahogany box I purchased from you some months ago.

The policy of your store in making every effort to please its patrons, though a most liberal policy, is creating good will that cannot help but be reflected in increased earnings for your concern.

Thank you again for your kindness and with good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Owen Kraft.

435 Sixth Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Y" Boys Get Gym Suits

Through the kindness of a number of our store's executives and buyers, the boys of our Y. M. C. A. Club were enabled to outfit themselves with gymnasium uniforms. The following are the contributors: Mr. O. M. Kaufmann, Mr. Irwin D. Wolf, Mr. C. A. Filson, Mr. S. Abbott, Mr. H. Heyman, Mr. J. H. Greene, Mr. A. Moffatt and Mr. P. Paley.

The boys sent the following letter of thanks to each:

"Mr. _____:

We wish to thank you for the Gym Suits which we received and assure you that they were very much appreciated. We invite you to visit us sometime. Our Club meets every Thursday evening at the Y. M. C. A. on Wood Street.

KAUFMANN'S "Y" CLUB.

Wm. Killeen, Secretary.

Harry Grobstein, Manager.

Did You Know That?

Courtesy is the one medium of exchange that is always accepted at par by the people of every country on the globe? Courtesy radiates a spirit of good feeling and suggests that we are not working entirely for the material returns of work, but for the pleasure of friendly human association as well. Life is not too short, and we are never too busy to be courteous.

Courtesy is the outward expression of an inward consideration for others, and is always an effective lubricant that smooths business and social relationships, eliminating friction.—Key of the House, London, England.

Ten Commandments of Salesmanship

First, be agreeable to me. Be agreeable in voice and all details of dress.

Second, know the thing you are selling me. Tell me what I want to know about it in English.

Third, don't argue with me. When you disagree with me and tell me about it you probably will succeed in antagonizing me.

Fourth, make it plain, whatever it is. Don't talk at random.

Fifth, tell the truth. If you lie, don't expect me to come back.

Sixth, be dependable. If you promise me something, keep your promise.

Seventh, remember my name and face. Nothing pleases a man more than subtle flattery.

Eighth, beware of egotism. Don't tell me about yourself when you are trying to sell me something. Get me to talk about myself if you can.

Ninth, think success. Radiate confidence; it is contagious.

Tenth, be human. Selling goods successfully is a psychological proposition.—Dr. Frank Crane.

Mr. Greene's Post Cards

It's quite a well-known fact that Mr. Greene gets more scenic post cards than any other person in the store and it is a disappointing mail that doesn't include several from buyers in faraway lands or fellow-workers on vacations. The last few cards were greetings from Mr. Horne of the Toys, Mrs. Emma Davis, who formerly managed our Thirteenth Floor Restaurant and Mr. Rose of the Furniture Department.

Mr. Horne sent greetings and regards from Karlsbad on the other side of the Atlantic, where he was on a buying trip. Mrs. Davis wrote of the beauties of Southern France on her card and told of the splendid vacation she is enjoying. She is located just outside of the city of Nice.

Mr. Rose is in Los Angeles and noted its remarkable growth of the past two and one-half years in his greeting. He writes like a native son his praises of the marvelous climate the Pacific Coast regions enjoy.

Umbrellas To Loan

Last evening the rain was falling more than gently, when the writer was ready to leave the building, and she agreed with Mrs. Caudle "that it most always rains when she has no umbrella." However, "The Big Store" is equal to just such emergencies as these. All one has to do is to ask for a card, sign name and store number, hand it to the man in charge of umbrellas to loan, who in return for same gives one a good umbrella which may be retained three days. This surely is real Service and should be appreciated by all. I desire to thank the firm for their thoughtfulness in considering the comfort of their helpers.

—A Grateful Employee.



A View of Our Men's Hosiery Aisle

The Men's Hosiery Section on the Ma'n Floor has long enjoyed the enviable distinction of being one of the most orderly, if not being the most orderly in the entire store. So, when Mr. O. M. Kaufmann remarked recently that it would make an excellent example picture for our magazine, Mr. Adelsheim asked us to act upon the suggestion, with the above result.

Of course, this photograph was taken after store hours, nevertheless you may take our word for it, that the only "primping up" neces-

sary was the removal of a few scraps of paper from the floor. The stock was arranged as you see it here; neatly, expertly and with an eye for its best display.

There is nothing mysterious about the way this stock is kept in such an orderly condition—the method is simple, just a little more care than other people give. And we might add that the salespeople who line either side of this aisle have a right to feel proud of its ever-attractive appearance.

* * * * *

Back in 1890

A millionaire hotel owner was hopping bells.
America's steel king was stoking a blast furnace.

An international banker was firing a locomotive.

A President of the United States was running a printing press.

A railroad president was pounding a telegraph key.

There's always room at the top—where'll you be in 1954?—Disston Crucible.

I am looking for a young man who is different from most people. I want him to be real friendly with me, work with me, advise with me and confide in me. But, at the same time I do not wish him to be so familiar with me that he ceases to have my greatest respect, oversteps the privileges I extend, and takes advantage of my good nature.—Harvey Mitchell Anthony.

Question: What is an office assistant?

Answer: A man hired for the boss to help.

The Wise Guy Family

By Dr. Frank Crane

I have met members of the Wise Guy family all of my life. One of the boys used to sit next to me at school. He knew how to win at tit-tat-toe. He knew how the ball team ought to be run, and how the teacher ought to conduct the class. He knew the best kind of marbles and how much they were worth, also just how to pack a basket for a picnic. He was apt at telling the rest of us just where we were wrong, yet he was never wrong himself.

Since those days I have seen members of the family in every corner of the world. At least one member of the Wise Guy tribe belongs to every club, every lodge and every Church. The Wise Guy is acquainted with all those people that the rest of us regard with awe from afar off. He knows that waiter in the restaurant to whom the rest of us would not dare speak, smiles at him and calls him Charlie. He knows how to row a boat and run a farm, how the barber ought to cut your hair, how the general ought to conduct the army, and how the woodman ought to chop a tree.

At our boarding house he usually ends all discussion, for there is nothing that ever comes up for debate concerning which he does not know the ultimate facts. If you say there are three billion and ninety-six fishes in the ocean, he will give you that superior smile and dry little laugh that show that he is very sorry for you, and generously informs you that any school-boy knows that the correct number is four billion and twenty-seven. He knows why Germany went to war, and if people would only ask him he could easily tell them her ability to pay reparations. You may think you know why France occupied the Ruhr. You don't. He knows, he and Poincare and a few others. He knows the sinister motive behind every move that Great Britain makes, also the sly designs of the Japanese.

You may think that Prohibition was voted by the people of the United States. Ha, ha! He can tell you the name of the man that supplied the money that did the whole business. He knows how to keep your hair from falling out and how to reduce your flesh. He knows why Hyman was elected, and what Hearst has up his sleeve. You may think you know why Lloyd George was finally defeated, but you do not. Mr. Wise Guy knows.

He knows which way the market is going to turn and just what kind of collar and necktie you ought to wear. He knows the secret motives behind the labor unions, and can tell you exactly what the Standard Oil and the United States Steel Corporation are up to. He understands every subject in the world, with the possible exception of modesty.

And the charming thing about him is that he not only knows everything, but he is perfectly willing to tell you.

Copyright, 1924, by Dr. Frank Crane.

Welcome To Mr. Blumenstock

"The Storagram" extends to Mr. Louis A. Blumenstock, our new Director of Publicity, the greetings of the store people and their concerted hope that he will take a keen enjoyment in his association with "The Big Store," and its fellow-workers. Mr. Blumenstock comes here with a splendid record as a publicity man, having been the Advertising Manager of the Stix, baer and fuller store in St. Louis for more than 20 years.

Before going to St. Louis, he had been in charge of the advertising of the Brandeis store in Omaha. His first store position was that of a bundle-boy with Kline's in Chicago.

Mr. Blumenstock has the enviable distinction of being the first president of the Association of Retail Advertisers, a subsidiary of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, in the organization of which he took an active part. His progressive advertising ideas and thorough knowledge of the technicalities of publicity work assure him a most certain success in "The Big Store."

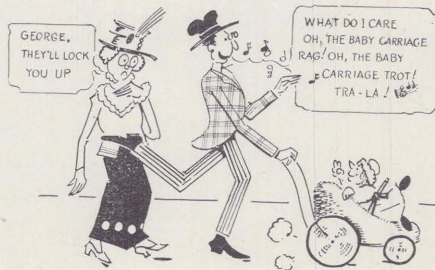
An Engagement Dinner

Mr. Henry Levy of our Basement Store announced the engagement of his daughter Miss Wilma Levy to Mr. Joseph Harris of Beechview at a dinner in our Eleventh Floor Dining Room last month. Miss Levy is an ex-president of the Esther lodge and members of the lodge together with the friends and relatives who attended gave the bride-to-be a shower in her honor.

Mr. Levy tells us that his daughter has not as yet set the date for the wedding.

Mr. Daugherty Back Again

Mr. Daugherty of the Rug Department, Ninth Floor, recently returned from an extended stay in Florida and brought with him a healthy coat of tan, a fund of renewed energy and some stories of his adventures. He witnessed the burning of The Breakers Hotel at Palm Beach and gave us a graphic description of the sight. Mr. Daugherty promised us some pictures and we hope to have them for our next issue.



Contributed by Mr. J. I. Flynn

TELL THE WORLD ABOUT BEAR RUN!



Members of Department Store Y. M. C. A. Club

This is a group picture of the Department Store "Y" Club, an organization composed of young men from the department stores of the city who meet once a week in the Y. M. C. A. Building on Wood Street. "The Big Store" has a sizeable membership in this organization but there is room for any more who may care to join. Gymnasium and pool privileges are ex-

tended to each member, in addition to a meal at an extremely low cost.

The young men from Kaufmann's who are in this group are as follows: Bottom row, left to right, J. Goldsmith, J. Meta, L. Leon, H. Gropstein, W. Killeen, A. Bleastein, I. Lample and S. Schaffer. Second Row—M. Leon, P. Duggan, S. Flansbaum and F. Breckenfelder.

* * * *

Good Luck, Mr. Traub!

After having acted as Sales Manager of the store since 1920, Mr. Bert L. Traub has entered the merchandising end of the business and has already taken up the new work.

Like all other advertising men he has looked forward to the time he could enter the field of merchandising and Mr. Traub feels that he has been fortunate in having this desire fulfilled.

In a talk with the editor, shortly after assuming his new duties, he said, "This is the greatest opportunity of my life and I certainly owe plenty of gratitude to the management of 'The Big Store' for giving it to me".

We hope he finds it completely to his liking and look for him to undergo an entire change of enthusiasms.

Another Spring Bride

Miss Ida Loether of our Addressing Department, Tenth Floor, promised to "love, honor and obey" Mr. Jack Hartley of this city at a very pretty wedding ceremony on the twenty-first of last month. Mrs. Hartley seems ideally fitted for her new role and we're not the least bit chary in predicting that the union will be a very happy one. "The Storagram" wishes the newlyweds well and hopes that they will fulfill our prediction.

All Return To Work

Mayme Wholley, Margaret Ingram, Mollie Berkowitz, all from the Accounts Payable Department, have returned to work after being absent on account of illness.

Heard Over The 'Phone

Mrs. John H. Schwilm of 6473½ Aurelia st., East End, was so elated over the service rendered by our Shopping Bureau that she telephoned her appreciation to Mr. Wolf's office. Miss Weixel, who received the call, said Mrs. Schwilm was so pleased when she first made use of our Shopping Bureau that she requested the name of the shopper who served her.

Miss Costello happened to be the shopper in question and, at the request of Mrs. Schwilm, she has done her shopping each time after the first occasion. The customer further states that Miss Costello is a wonder and fills every request perfectly. At one time, when Mrs. Schwilm's baby had pneumonia, she 'phoned the store for oils and liniment and Miss Costello, finding that the store did not carry the liniment, made the purchase elsewhere and was instrumental in saving the infant's life.

Reminiscences

The two photographs accompanying this article were taken about 26 years ago in the Photographic Studio of our store. Both are children of Ike Hohenstein, one his daughter Ada, the other his oldest son, Edgar—now married and with families of their own.

There are a few people in the store today who remember when our store had a portrait photography department, more than a quarter of a century ago, and it is most interesting to them to see these reminders of the work done here. The photographs are as clear and well defined as the day they were taken, which



goes to prove, as Ike himself says, that even then as at the present time, quality was our store's first consideration.

It is a pleasant thing to stir up old memories of our store's earlier appearance and business methods and "The Storagram" will appreciate any contributions of this nature. The mere fun of comparing present day methods with those of days gone by is alone worth while making such contributions. Let the members of the Stand-By Club accept this as a challenge.

Kaufmann's "Y" Club Wins

In a well-played exciting game that was marked by the fast floor play of "The Big Store" quintet, our "Y" Club team defeated the Kaufmann & Baer team on March 18th at the Duquesne University Gym. The final score was 28-25.

The lineup of "The Big Store" five:

Duggan	Forward
Harkins	Forward
Egan	Center
Williams	Guard
Foley	Guard

Substitutions: J. Meta, Bill Killeen, Bill Goldberg.

He'll Get Tired Eventually

An attorney who advertised for a chauffeur, when questioning a negro applicant, said: "How about you, George, are you married?"

"Naw, sir, boss, naw sir, Ah makes mah own livin'."

THE STORAGRAM

CONSULTING EDITORS

B. L. TRAUB

J. H. GREENE

E. T. ADAMS

EDITOR

WILLIAM J. DOLAN

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

HELEN P. CONNORS C. J. HANLON JOSEPH MEYERS

R. LANDENBERGER NETTIE MCKENZIE HARRY BROIDA

E. R. JOHNSTON F. P. FREEMAN

FRANCES SCHULTHEIS, *Artist* J. R. HOOPER, *Artist*

P. D. PORTERFELD, *Artist*

APRIL 1925

Thanks for the Suggestions

The splendid response that was given the request for store-wide suggestions upon the promotion of the 1925 Courtesy and Interest campaign comes in for hearty congratulations from the firm. Through "The Storagram", the officials in charge of the coming campaign wish to compliment each person who has lent his or her aid by suggesting.

The Third Floor led all the rest and Mr. Sexton is justly proud of the efforts made by the people there. The Ninth Floor was second and not too far in the rear to be disgraced by any means—the others ranked below. Nevertheless the hearty response and the general character of the suggestions made, merit the commendation we give now. Fellow-workers, we thank you, one and all.

Reflections

It is Summer. A merciless sun pierces smoke haze and filters its way through to the throngs that hustle along narrow canyons of downtown streets. The air is stifling and the dust is continually disturbed by scurrying feet and swift-moving vehicles, rising in grimy clouds to irritate throat and lungs.

A thousand raucous sounds assail the ear in a Babel of annoyance. Every soul longs for nightfall and home when tired nerves are to be comforted and tired bodies rested. But darkness brings only slight relief for the still air is hot and close—oh, so stifling. Poor, sweltering mortals! It is Pittsburgh in summer.

It is Summer. The same sun, with the same pitiless glare, pierces the mists of the mountains and is shattered by them into brilliant rays of invigorating sunshine. The excessive heat is tempered into a delightful warmth that gropes its way through the tree tops and reaches earth in little pools with splotches of shade surrounding them.

A happy, carefree lot of campers, coolly attired in summery outfits find a haven from heat in the sparkling depths of the pool. Some wander vagrantly along shadowy paths, others lay "at ease" in hammocks and steamer chairs with the whisper of a breeze to lull away care. Happy, carefree folk. It is Bear Run—and summer.

Try This On Your Memory

A man who is normally the most gentle, best natured and thoroughly jovial of creatures, occasionally loses control of his temper and turns into a veritable "crank." He confided the other day that the surest way to start him on one of his peevishes was the mere mention of the word "RUSH."

"If anything is wanted, no matter when it is to be used, the word 'RUSH' stares at me from the order to irritate me. When the request is granted and I bend every endeavor to comply with the urge for speed, I find that all of my haste was useless—that the 'RUSH' order was a dud!"

"The sooner folks learn to realize the heart-aches and spoiled dispositions caused by the careless usage of that word, RUSH, the quicker will the world become a better, happier place for living."

Don't you agree with him? Isn't it a fact that half of the RUSH that we make use of is merely a spur to speed up something without sufficient cause for hurry?

The World's Troubles

Every calamity-howler is at heart a coward who fears to face setbacks. He's like a frightened rabbit who leaps in fright at the most trifling sound. "Business is rotten," "There's a panic on its way," "The administration is ruining the country"—these are his pet whines.

Nothing sickens us more than the sound of this fellow's voice, or the sight of his lead-hearted public warnings. What care we for the woes of tomorrow if today has not yet passed? Thank God we can breathe, can see the splendor of the sun, feel the caress of soft breezes, laugh, play, love and be loved!

Let's drown their wails with laughter and perhaps our enthusiasm of Life and its living will convert and correct the vision of these half-blind folk who look at the world through clouded spectacles. The world improves with the years as will we whose faith in its goodness remains unshaken.

Why They Quit

Out of 4,407 reasons given why customers quit trading at retail stores in Oregon (University of Oregon Questionnaire), 391, or 9 per cent. quit because of the indifference of sales-people.

Thus it would seem that practically one-tenth of the average retailer's troubles is the selection and training of a sales force that will be courteous, attentive and accommodating to his customers.

After all, winning and holding customers is the dominant aim of a retailer, because his business existence depends upon them alone.—Contributed by Mr. Linder of the Eighth Floor.

Be a Bear Run Booster!

Let's Talk About Our Camp!

Dental Bulletin

Teeth and the membrane which secures the teeth in their bony socket are different from other parts of the body because when once injured or destroyed repair does not follow.

For example if a bone is broken or decayed proper treatment will cause it to grow together again, while a tooth once broken is always broken and decay must be replaced with some other material as cement, gold or silver. If the skin is cut a scab soon forms, but if the membrane is denuded from a tooth it never grows back again, but forms a pocket, which is observed in certain pyorrhea conditions. Flesha in other parts of the body regenerates but the inner or flesh part of a tooth called by most people "the nerve" when once severely injured dies and must be removed because it forms a favorable place for germs to multiply and spread throughout the body.

Thus one can readily understand how advisable it is to have the teeth examined every six months and the necessary dental work done in order that the teeth and their surrounding tissues may be kept in a healthy condition, before extensive injuries have resulted.

—Dr. G. W. Norris.

Elevator Operators Form Team

A group of enthusiastic elevator operators have decided to put a baseball team on the field this season and invade the ranks of the independents in an effort to make a name for themselves. Folks in the store will be interested in following the record of this team and "The Storagram" looks forward expectantly toward printing the box scores of their victories. J. Denby is the Secretary of the team and L. Brenerman is President. The uniforms have already been selected and their season will soon open.

The roster of players is as follows:

J. Hungerford	Catcher
R. Mooney	Catcher
L. Brenerman	Pitcher
H. Conkle	Pitcher
R. Smith	Pitcher
J. Demby	1st Base or s. s.
W. Squires	1st Base or Pitcher
A. Brown	1st Base
J. Meekin	2nd Base
W. Denton	2nd Base
A. Hubbard	s. s.
N. Jones	s. s.
F. Lee	3rd Base
R. Bowman	3rd Base
S. Forman	Right Field
J. Moore	Pitcher or c. f.
R. Austin	center field
H. Herbert	l. f. or Pitcher
F. Walls	left field
A. Green	left field

Are We Civilized?

There was spent in 1923 per person in America \$2.59 for diamonds and \$1.10 for books; \$3.00 for ice cream and 8 cents for professors' salaries; \$45 for food luxuries and \$10 for schools; \$8.15 for theater admissions and \$1.85 for shirts; \$11 for candy and 52 cents for scientific instruments.

The Traffic Department seldom appears in print, but owing to criticism by "The Czar of the Shipping Room" J. P. Mahoney, we feel compelled to make at least this one appearance and below we are furnishing a photograph of our critic in his war dress.



Miss Simpson In Social Service

Mr. Greene recently announced the transfer of Miss Agnes Simpson from the Bureau of Employment to handling the social service work of the store. Employees contemplating department events or planning store parties can receive advisory service from her and are urged to request her assistance when necessary.

Miss Simpson has long been an active worker on the various committees in charge of such events in the store and her past experience in work of this nature fully equips her to materially aid all who call upon her for assistance. We wish her luck and trust she will benefit by the close cooperation of all who associate with her in her new capacity.

Another Stand-By Vacancy

Mr. Isaac Goodman of the Men's Clothing Department, a charter member of the Stand-By Club of veterans, passed to his eternal reward on March 16, 1925, after a lingering illness. Mr. Filson, as President of the Club sends its expression of sorrow at Mr. Goodman's death and grieves with the rest over the passing of their comrade.



Tenth Floor Notes

Sara Herman of the Accounts Payable Department is our most recent bride, having been married on Sunday, March 22 to Mr. Wm. Glasser. The ceremony was performed in the Beth Hamedrash Hagodol Synagogue on Washington street, the bride being attired in a beautiful white beaded gown and wearing her veil coronet style. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley.

Four bridesmaids and four ushers were in attendance while Miss Kress Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Stevens and every girl in the department witnessed the impressive ceremony. The store presented the bride with a beautiful wedding gift of flat silver and her office gave a silver wedding dish.

After a honeymoon trip to Baltimore, Md., Washington, D. C., and New York, the newlyweds returned to this city and are making their home at 41 Davenport street.

Miss Margery Ingram of the Accounts Payable Department announces her engagement to Mr. George Young of Ambridge, Pa. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mrs. A. Baldorf, who will be remembered as Miss Anna Mae Pauley, erstwhile secretary of Mr. Clarkson, gave birth to a son on February 27th. Latest reports have it that both mother and son are doing splendidly. Congratulations from all your friends, Anna Mae.

A Belated Announcement

Through an error of omission there was no announcement of the marriage of Miss Nancy Booth to Mr. Ray Bosworth of our Delivery Department. Miss Booth, or rather Mrs. Bosworth, is responsible in part for the excellent work turned out by our North Side Printing Department and has been in the employ of the store for five years.

She was remembered with a wedding present of flat silver in recognition of her years of honorable service and with it the store's best wishes for lasting happiness. The groom, Mr. Bosworth, is also a familiar figure with Warehouse folk and has been in our employ for 12 or 13 years.

Food for Thought

A writer who describes himself as "just an ordinary citizen, with an ordinary income, living in an ordinary way," very aptly paints conditions as they are with the majority of Americans today:

"I am writing this in the living room of my home, on a typewriter that weighs no more than a moderate sized book.

"In an adjoining room is a telephone from which I can talk to any city on this continent.

"On the wall is a thermostat which regulates the flow of gas in my furnace, and keeps the room at an even temperature of 70 degrees.

"A music cabinet contains records of the finest arias from the best operas, and selections by the greatest musicians in the world.

"Almost within arm's reach are several shelves of books filled with the most profound and beautifully expressed thoughts of the ages.

"The floors of my home are cleaned with a suction sweeper, while the clothes are put through an electric washer and ironed in an electrically driven mangle.

"My children attend a school where they are given a better education than the sons of kings could command a century ago.

I go to work in a machine which some people call an automobile, and I travel a distance in three-quarters of an hour which would have been an all-day trip for my father a generation ago.

"Were the good things of life ever so easily at the command of the ordinary man as they are today? Don't we all do a lot of welching that we haven't any right to do?"—Selected.

And His Name Is Smith

We met a newcomer the other day and, strange to say, found that he was one Smith whose name we can easily remember. Mr. A. W. Smith is the party of the second part and he is our new Contract Department manager.

Mr. Smith, like Mr. Wilcox and Mr. Blumenstock, is a graduate of Stix, Baer & Fuller's of St. Louis and brings with him an intimate knowledge of his work that gives ample promise of his success here. He has a pleasing personality and ought to make many friends in his association with store people. We hope that Mr. Smith will find us to be the sort of people who will help make work a pleasure for him.



Educational Notes

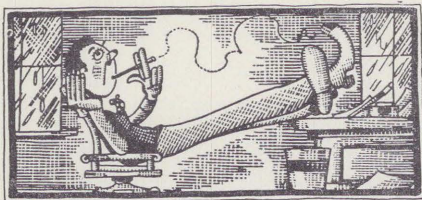
Over the Counter

Illustrate your selling points in a clear, convincing manner. Don't argue with the customer. Arguing only serves to build up sales resistance.

Never tell a prospect that he is mistaken. He won't believe it anyway, and he'll be that much harder to sell because his feelings may have been ruffled.

A cardinal point in selling is not to ask a question of a prospect to which he can say "No" or "Not interested," because that closes the selling effort before it even gets under way.

Don't talk loud, particularly at the opening of a selling talk. Talk low in order to concentrate the prospect's attention by making him listen.



Rainy days don't have to be "off days." There is no need of loafing on rainy days. They are good days to find prospects in.

After all, price is not the only consideration. Don't talk price; talk quality even though your price is low.

Running down the other fellow's goods doesn't get you very far along in the selling game, although it may seem the most expedient line of attack on the spur of the moment. Instead, talk the "reason why" of your goods and forget about the competitors.

Don't forget that there are more possible orders in a large number of fair prospects than in a few excellent prospects—so work and make a larger number of calls. Leads often make up for brains in getting orders—although one isn't much good without the other.

Study the advertising put out by the manufacturers with whom you are dealing, especially



what they are doing in publications of general circulation. There are many talking points to be gathered through such reading.

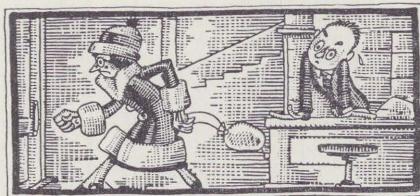
Study the catalogs of the manufacturers; learn the fine points about their products; master the little details. All of which makes for sales.

Try to put yourself in the customer's place and say what you would like to have sales people tell you if you were purchasing the goods yourself.

Sell yourself to the customer. Inspire the confidence that you are there to serve regardless of whether a purchase is made or not.

Do not wait for a customer to approach you. Meet your customers half way with your courteous inquiry to be of service.

It was Marshall Field, if our memory serves us right, who once said he would pay 50 cents for every person brought into his store by some means or other. That's the important thing—get them into your store! Special sales do that, often at the sacrifice of profit. But do you sell them something else? If not, you've lost out; if so, you have gained the end of the special sale.



Those lost sales are more important than the sales you have made. It isn't always just one customer that is lost—it may be several customers; for in the nature of things a dissatisfied customer will tell others, perhaps with telling effect—on you.

Prompt service is an essential in successful retail selling. Don't let your customers wait. Indeed, 10 per cent of the lost sales of a typical store are due to delays in store service. If you are busily occupied with one customer while several others are waiting, a pleasant word to the waiting customers to the effect that you'll attend to them in just a moment, goes a long way in keeping them contented.

And remember—when Saturday night comes your pay check is likely to show to how many prospective purchasers you have made sales.

Prompt service is an essential in successful retail selling. Don't let your customers wait. Indeed, 10 per cent of the lost sales are due to delays in store service.

—Dry Goods Economist

Excerpts From Mr. Greene's Radio Talk

The following excerpts are taken from an address given over the radio by Mr. James H. Greene, our Director of Personnel, upon "The Ups And Downs Of Business".

"When Mrs. Smith scans the evening paper she is struck by the fact that a prominent store is disposing of a stock of shoes of a well known brand at a remarkable reduction. If she had money or credit she would snatch a hasty breakfast the next morning, be in the front row when the store doors open and bring home a pair of shoes. But alas, Smith is out of a job and no matter how attractive the price she must content herself with the old pair.

Here we have illustrated a few feet of the four-reel film entitled "The Ups And Downs Of Business." Let us have a pre-view, running the machine at top speed to finish in twelve minutes.

Months before these shoes were placed on sale, coal was mined to feed the furnaces in the shoe factory. Probably ten years before, iron was mined, shipped to the steel centers and finally manufactured into the machinery that made the shoes. Pasturage and grain had to be produced to feed the animals from which the leather was obtained. Tanners, transportation companies and many others handled and took their toll from the raw products on their way to the factory.

From the factory, wholesalers and jobbers handled the product until it finally landed in the retail store on its way to Mrs. Brown, Smith, Jones or anyone who would buy. But the journey was not without mishaps. It started because each of the many individuals, numbering thousands, had faith that there would be a Mrs. Smith for every pair of shoes manufactured. They counted probably that a Mr. Smith would have a job. He and each of his many colleagues may have had one at that time. Why were the shoes sold below cost and why was Smith out of a job? Smith may blame it on the administration and Mrs. Smith may have read some-

where that Wall Street had something to do with it. The student of business conditions, however, knows that a certain period of a business cycle, perhaps forecast some months before, has been reached. Let us see if we can analyze this complex situation in order to understand what has happened, making due allowance for the rate at which we are running this film."

Here Mr. Greene went into a complete analysis of the probable history of the period of prosperity preceding the business depression. Optimism prevailed, Smith had a job in a steel mill and was buying many pairs of shoes at high prices, but was receiving high wages. The shoe factory was running over-time to keep up with orders. Farmers were getting good prices for hides, new uses for leather were creating shortages. Wages were going up faster than prices finally the shoe factories, awakening to the fact that they were not making any money, operated on a part-time basis for awhile and then shut down. No new machinery meant no new orders for the steel mills. They too, operated on a part-time basis and then finally closed down. Economists called this the period of liquidation or crisis, but Smith knew only that he had lost his job.

A period of depression followed—steel and leather were down, shoes were going down slowly finally someone realized that to get rid of heavy stocks at a loss was the only thing left to do hence the sale advertisement.

Then Mr. Greene summarized the entire proceedings, searching for and pointing out causes by reviewing the effects, climaxing his address with a review of the proposed methods of planning to smooth out the crests of prosperity and the troughs of depression. It was a very clear picture he left with his audience and one that was painted most plainly for their understanding.

* * * *

Fellow-Workers Lose Fathers

"The Storagram" offers its sincerest condolences to the Misses Blanche Saylor and Sadie Eskowitz of the Jewelry and Misses' Coats Departments respectively, for their bereavement in the recent death of their fathers. Our sorriest task lies in extending sympathy to people who suffer through the death of their loved ones and our words of consolation are urged by a feeling of sympathy at all times sincere.

Eleventh Floor

The woodwork around the aisles leading to the rear of the auditorium is all scratched and worn. It is claimed a certain radio salesman is to blame because he was such a frequent visitor at the Fashion Play. new venture.

Another Mr. Heyman With Us

Mr. Raymond Heyman, brother of the Mr. Herbert Heyman we know so well, is now a fellow-worker of "The Bir Store" and is acquainting himself with the retailing business by serving as an assistant to Mr. Schwartz of the Sixth Floor. We welcome Mr. Heyman and wish him well, though he should have little difficulty in getting along well as he has the same likeable disposition that has made his brother so popular with us.

Marriage Announced

Miss Nellie Thomas of the Auditing Department was married on Friday, March 20, 1925 to Mr. Thomas Loughman of this city. Her friends in the store and her associates of the Auditing Office wish her every possible happiness in her

NORTH SIDE WAREHOUSE CHATTER

Fred Krause, President of the Grandmothers' Club, was judged the best looking man at the Service Banquet this month.

John Lickenby still takes the prize for having the greatest number of lady friends in the North Side Warehouse. John, you had better stop running across the street to visit the blonde.

Eddie Hartman has tuned his "Dodge" up for a run to Erie, Pa., this summer.

Jake Geisler has had a very sore arm. He was outpointed in a four round bout.

Jimmie Dunn is still shooting marbles.

"Red" Conners and John Lickenby expect to make a trip to New York this summer together.

Victor Erhardt and Louis Salowitz of the Paint Shop, made a trip to New York last month on a special excursion. They reported seeing great sights and having a wonderful time.

Charlie Fastian has taken unto himself a wife. He has lately purchased some furniture, etc.

Helen Bischoff is singing "There Will Be No Wedding Bells For Me This Summer."

Mrs. Daniels of our Cafeteria has stopped riding over in the Ford every morning. By so doing she has lost about 20 lbs.

J. B. Swan went out on a party the other night and spent all the money belonging to the Grandmothers' Club.

Gilbert Stock is seeking employment in a Perfume Factory.

Brady reported to work one Saturday morning with a bandaged eye. Watch your step, Joe!

Rea Beardsley is the Daddy of the North Side Warehouse. He is the father of 14 children and only 40 years of age. He has nothing on Admiral Sims. He is the father of 14 children and 16 grand children and still working every day.

John Trieschler misses Nell very much on the Sixth Floor. Beware, McCue!

McCarthy of the Elevator Department, claims he rises at 4:30 every morning, takes a walk for an hour, eats six meals daily, retires at 10 o'clock every night and is in the best of health.

Pat Claherty is planning a trip to Chicago so beware of your step, Pat.

Frank Nagle and Otto Painter are planning spending their vacation this summer on one of the house boats up the river.

Sylvester Schmolder has developed a lot of new muscle in the last two weeks from his daily exercises.

Charles Lindow has been visiting quite a number of Jewelry Shops looking at diamonds. We have since learned that he has purchased one.

Florence Caruso is to be congratulated. She is always first on the job every morning.

Charlie Fastian is having installed in his new home special electric buttons and alarms, so he

will be sure and get to business on time in the mornings.

Eddie Smithline was paid the "buck" that Ross owed him before he left.

Fred Krause won a shaving set playing euchre but he lost out in the sparring bout with "Red" Conners, receiving a bloody nose. He stopped the flow of blood with a pinch of snuff.

Doc Smith and Alex. Wassel have purchased a new Summer Camp to be opened this summer, so girls prepare yourselves for a few house parties.

Urban Webber has declared his engagement off until next summer.

The following have joined the Fifth Avenue and Smithfield Street Quartet: "Red" Conners, J. B. Swan, John Lickenby and Loeffler, also Jesse Blankensop.

Since the last issue of "The Storagram" there have been two new arrivals at the North Side warehouse: Charles Beardsley and Dorothy Lunz.

J. Boyle is very anxious to attend all the Church Suppers given. In case you know of any that are to be held next month, please notify him in the Carpet Work Room.

Brownie of the Engineering Department and McCarthy of the Elevator Department expect to have a six-round bout at our Anniversary Dinner which is to be held in May. The odds are on McCarthy.

Fred Koenig and H. Veschka are thinking very seriously of announcing their engagements in June to the March twins.

Billy Marx has been promoted to the store sales force.

The latest bulletin issued at the North Side Warehouse is, "Joe, there is a taxi waiting for you."

Catherine Pascoe and Joe Brady expect to move to Brady street the first of May.

"Doc" Botork made a special trip to the Barber Shop this week. "Doc," the Barber clipped off too much hair.

Mrs. R. Geis is planning her vacation for California this summer.

Girls, have you seen Miss Elizabeth Thompson's new gown? It is a knock out!

Miss Elliott of the Upholstery Department has made new arrangements. She walks to work every morning. Fastian, take an example from this and be on time.

Sara Zeyphus for the last month has been walking around the Warehouse smiling from ear to ear. Let us in on the joke, Sara. Who is he?

N. Paul, furniture checker, told one of the girls in the North Side, he was not allowed to talk to other girls any more because he expected to announce his engagement this spring.

George Guckert and John Lickenby expect to motor to Bellevue very often this summer.

Things certainly are dull since Ross of the Sewing Machine Department has left. He was a happy-go-lucky fellow, always ready to give you the razz on any blunder you pulled. Regardless of how trivial the blunder, Ross certainly could make an editorial out of it. All of the employees who would eat at the same period as he did, are in mourning for the man they call "the run-a-way from Mayview" but those who miss him most are the girls in the office, especially Lill Craig and Kate Pascoe. No more candy now, girls; you'll have to buy your own.

Friends

If you had all the lands and gold
It's possible for man to hold,
And if on top of that could claim
The greatest sum of earthly fame
Yet had to live from day to day
Where never human came your way,
You'd trade the gold you had to spend
To hear the greeting of a friend.

'Tis friends alone that make us rich,
Not marble busts in glory's niche,
Not money, wisdom, strength or skill
With happiness our lives can fill.
With all of these we still should sigh
If never neighbor happened by,
And no one shared from sun to sun
The honors that our work has won.

What joy could come from splendid deeds,
That no one ever cheers or heeds?
Fame would be empty and absurd,
If of it no one ever heard.
The richest man, without a friend,
Is poor with all he has to spend;
Alone, with all that could be had,
A human being would be sad.

Not in ourselves does fortune lie,
Nor in the things that gold can buy:
The words of praise that please us well
The lips of other men must tell;
And honor, on which joy depends;
Is but the verdict of our friends;
All happiness that man can know
The friends about him must bestow.
—Detroit Free Press.

The Roar of the Press

There are men who are only happy in the rush of the city's streets and who love their toil in the fierce turmoil where the life tide ever beats. There are jaded adventurers searching the earth for its solitudes, for the lonely lands and the trackless strands that will match with their hungry moods. But for me there's no music sweeter than the roar of the press as it sings, while its magic art bares the wide world's heart with its message of clowns and kings. Oh, it may be a sordid story or it may be a rare romance that a man will find upborne on the wind from the whirl of life's dervish dance. But whether its tale is of terror or an idyl of tenderness, I know of no bliss that can match with this that I reap from the roar of the press!—By Aline Michaelis in "More Pep."



Mr. Jack O. Easton

The above likeness is that of Master Jack Easton, a juvenile performer of the Young Co. theatrical organization, and one of the headliners in our store vaudeville show. Jack has recently returned from the Pacific Coast and will go back in the Fall to face the footlights there again.

His mother, Mrs. Mary A. Easton, is a member of "The Big Store" contingent force and Jack himself is employed here temporarily. The youthful star is a singer and dancer of note and has tentative plans made to go to Europe and study that he may continue to advance in his chosen profession.

Out Of Date

He (to a girl dressed in a variety of colors):
"I like your combination."
She—"Don't get personal."—Widow.

There was a young lady named Banker,
Who slept while the ship lay at anchor.

She awoke in dismay

When she heard the mate say:

"Now hoist up the top sheet and spanker."

LEGAL AID BUREAU

Kaufmann's Protective and Beneficial
Association

EMANUEL AMDUR, Esq., Counsel.

Legal advice furnished without charge
to employees of The Big Store.

Office Hours: Wednesday and Saturday,
9 to 10 A. M.

Personal Items

Miss Blanche Saylor of the Jewelry Department has given up her idea of attaining fame as a grand opera star and is turning her attention to flivvers, their care and usage. She has been taking instructions from four Ford salesmen and is making fair progress.

Blighty, the "ould tin of fruit", of the Jewelry Department, was busy April 1st telling the telephone jesters that this is not 1925. He also called the Highland Park Zoo, asking for Mr. (Camel) Campbell. He wanted a drink, we surmise.

Men's Furnishings Notes

Henrietta McNeil goes out Moon Run Way a lot lately. Just why she picks that direction we are all anxious to know. She is also wearing a diamond.

Mr. Power, Buyer of the Men's Furnishing Department is anxious for the "Golf Season" to open, as he expects to break a "go" before July 4. He will give an exhibition match on Decoration Day at 6 a. m. on the "Kaufmann County Club Links", in a four-some with Walter Hagen, Johnny Farrell and Gene Sarazan.

Barren Bregg of the Men's Department, better known as "Smiling Dick" can always be found ready to hand an uppercut to the Irish. A few try to get back at him, but he is a good dodger. He is also a ferriter of cross word puzzles. Any one stumped call on "Smiling Dick." He will gladly help all who are in difficulty.

Jimmy McMullen, formerly of the Men's Department, who has been ill for over a year, is convalescing at the United States Veteran Hospital No. 98, Castle Point, New York City. His many friends in "The Big Store" may drop him a card and he will certainly appreciate it, as he is homesick for news. He wishes to be remembered to all.

Francis Conlon of the Men's Handkerchiefs Department is some doll in a bathing suit. Any one doubting this statement, ask those who saw her at Bear Run last year. "Some Baby."

Loretta Firl of the Men's Handkerchief Department is wearing a new beautiful diamond ring, a gift from her fiance. No date has been set for the wedding.

Cora Geary, and her pal Hutchie, are figuring what size basket to pack for "The Big Store" picnic. Buy one large enough, girls; you know there are a lot of hungry wildcats in the Men's Furnishing Department; and, oh! how they love to eat.

"Tinsey" Keely is an expert on trimming neck-wear cases. She will make a neat "home trimmer" for some good man. Get in line, boys; she has quite a following.

Ida Lena Custer, the High Class neck-wear juggler of the Men's Furnishing Department, has her grip packed for the opening day at "Bear Run." She was a little late getting there last summer, but will be first up this year.

Fabiola (Billy) Rodgers, the buckle polisher of the Men's Suspender Counter, is anxious to go to the Anniversary Ball, so she can enjoy a dance with L. A. R. P.?

George Steinheuser, better known as the "Shimmy Sheik" of the Men's Pajama Department lost a day worrying over "Sally." She and her family are getting along nicely now.

Heinie Wagner of Men's Department has been out sick three weeks. All wish by the time The Storagram is published our fellow pal will be back in the department again.

Toilet Goods Department

Maurice Simon, our energetic assistant buyer, besides his work, has the great National game, baseball, as his hobby. He loves the sport and loves it because he himself does a little of it on his spare time, being a pitcher by trade.

Now that the baseball season is open, any Saturday afternoon during July and August or holidays you can see Simon and Fleck in the fourth section at Forbes Field.

Rooting for the Pirates, they sure do like to see all the visiting teams get a real drubbing.

Amelia Stepanovich is in early every morning. She does not know what it is to come in late. You sure do set a good example, Amelia.

Steady old Margaret Knauer (Spark Plug) as we call her—sure deserves a little credit for being on the job. She has only missed one day in two years and has never been late for work in the morning—besides she is a real live sales girl.

We all miss Vince Grimes from the first floor. He has been promoted to the Drug Stock Room, where we know he will do as well as he did on the first floor. We wish him all the success in the world. Ata Boy, Vince, keep up the good work.

Mr. Englert In The News

We have it from a reliable source that Mr. Englert escorted two girls home one evening last month. The maids in the case were Rebecca Sobel and Marie Klugh of the Auditing Office. Another scribe sent the following comment: "Bill Englert will soon be the only old bachelor in the Statistical Office. Step on the gas, Bill and do your stuff."

Mr. Ross Is A Fashion Plate

People of the Fourth Floor were recently treated to an inspiring smartness of men's attire when Mr. Ross of the Beauty Parlor strolled into work with a flaming necktie of the reddest hue imaginable. Ross is certainly a nobby fellow when it comes to wearing clothes and some of his style innovations are widely copied, we hear.

Mary Again

Mary had a little foot,
And harrowing to tell,
She put it in a smaller shoe
And it hurt like the dickens.

A Way To Save It

"You're lookin' bad, Wullie."
"Aye, I've been in the hospital an' the doctors have taken awa' ma appendix."
"These doctors'll tak' anything. It's a peety ye didna have it in yer wife's name."

The STORE LIBRARY *Belongs to You*

You
Use it
You
Support it



Do
Your Part
to Help
it Grow

No Joque

Congressman Guy Hardy, of Colorado, has a faded old clipping in his possession about the difficulties of a pioneer newspaper out in his country, which reads: "We begin the publication of the Rocceay Mountain Cyclone with some phew diphphiculties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outphit phrom this printing ophphice pnaled to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We dont lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phasion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it's a serious aphair."—National Republican.

An Appropriate Ode to Spring

Sprig has cub
Oh, sprig has cub
Led all rejoice ad sig
For whed we hear the robids twid
We know that id is Sprig.

(Composed exclusively for the Catarrh Quartet.)

Our New Want Ad Section

For the convenience and use of our employees, we have decided to permit the use of a limited space in each issue for publication of "Want-Ads." Only those that will mutually benefit advertiser and reader will be given space and all will be subjected to inspection of the editorial staff before insertion.

Apartment For Rent

Three-room apartment in Brookline; thirty minutes from "The Big Store." All modern conveniences. Rental \$50 monthly. Write James J. Nichols, 949 Fordham Street, Brookline, or 'phone Lehigh 2014-J.

An Interesting Character

Every now and then we hear of some new stunt or saying credited to Stanley of the Ad Office and we can't help but say something about him in "The Storagram." He is one of the best contributors the Suggestion Boxes know, an adept debater and at all times, a seeker of more knowledge.

We see a real future for Stanley if he survives the more hotheaded of his debating opponents and believe that some day he will make the grade of Success.

What Else?

"What else?" Just the way he asks it as he leans and smiles to me
Makes me conjure up a reason why more purchases should be
There is courtesy and friendliness and neighborliness there
With a hidden note of pleading that with naught I can compare.
So I always think of something more to buy that very minute.
When he springs that "What Else" on me with a note of wheedle in it.

"What Else?" Maybe I had finished and was waiting for a friend,
When across the counter laden, with a differential bend,
He has shot the question at me. Then I'd make a deal or die
For there's downright mesmerism in his tone and in his eye.
And he manages (sheer magic) that I never shall resent
Having bought things just to please him, that to buy I hadn't meant.

There is charm in that query if one only makes it right,
There is hypnotism in it that it does no good to fight.
Look and tone are partly blamable, yet most it's how one feels
When, across the counter bowing, heart as well as voice appeals.
If I ever start to dabble in the merchandising line
I shall hire some "What Else?" artists, like that salesman friend of mine.—Exchange.

Irish and Red-Headed

A contemporary relates that a red-headed Irish boy once applied for a position in a messenger office. The manager, after hiring him, sent him on an errand in one of the most fashionable districts. Half an hour later the manager was called to the phone and the following conversation took place:

"Have you a red-headed boy working for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is the janitor at the Oakland Apartments, where your boy came to deliver a message. He insisted on coming in the front way and was so persistent that I was forced to draw a gun."

"Good heavens! You didn't shoot him, did you?"

"No, but I want my gun back."—Clipped.

Har-Har

There was a young girl named Savannah,
On the pavement slipped on a banana.
And since that sad day, I'm sorry to say,
She stands up when she plays the piannah.

Success

The Father of Success is Work.
The Mother of Success is Ambition.
The Oldest Son is Common Sense.
Some of the other Boys are Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm and Co-operation.
The Oldest Daughter is Character.
Some of the Sisters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity and Harmony.

The Baby is Opportunity.

Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

—The Rotator, San Diego, Cal.

Ain't It The Truth

If I want to meet some girl
* * *
I know, and I don't know just
* * *
where I can find her, all I
* * *
have to do is to let my beard
* * *
grow a little past shaving date,
* * *
put some mud on my face, get
* * *
a spot on my collar, sprinkle
* * *
dust all over my coat, and
* * *
then I am sure to meet her.
—Burr.

How to Get a Raise

Go to work and forget the clock.
To be paid more, do more than you are paid for.

Look to your job, but also look beyond it.
Command attention because of the attention you give your job.

Read everything you can buy, beg or borrow relative to your business.

Give your employer the benefit of your brains even if you think you are being paid only for the work of your hands.

Get ready for your promotion before you see the remotest possibility of being promoted.

Fall in love with your work and if you can't find it in your heart to do so, get another job.
Clipped from P. Spanger, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'Taint Wuth It

It was in a country store in Arkansas. A one-gallus customer drifted in. "Gimme a nick-el's worth of asafoetida."

The clerk poured some asafoetida in a paper bag and pushed it across the counter.

"Cha'ge it," drawled the custom

"Whats your name?" asked the clerk.

"Honeyfunkel."

"Take it," said the clerk. "I wouldn't write asafoetida and Honeyfunkel for five cents."

The Romance of Retailing

Bare-torso'd blacks in some tropic isle;
Ships manned by Lascars; Mongols pannier bent;
Toilers in Dixie, where God's own sun smiles—
All these and countless more their toil have lent
To gather, make and move the things we see
Upon the shelves we gaze at, all unthrilled—
The spice, the fibrous sisal, fragrant tea
And other goods mined, marketed and milled.
"A common spot," that little retail store;
"A common chap," the man who asks your wish!
Chapters of romance—yea, and chapters more—
Cling round each bolt, or box, or keg, or dish.
From all the earth, touched by a thousand hands,
Are these his wares that seem so commonplace.
This merchant is in touch with all the lands,
And brings us goods from every tribe and race.
If but the humblest things he sells could speak,
Could tell you all the story of its life,
No mimic play your wearied mind would seek;
No fiction play of struggle and of strife.
Drama came in that first human touch
That gave the first frail impulse marketward.
Blood may have flowed for that whose price is such
You buy it cheaply by the pound or yard.
The human touch still lingers when we buy,
Let not the "commonness" of daily trade
Blot out adventure from our sated eye!
And he by whom the goods are measured, weighed,
Absorbs enchantment from his laden shelves,
Transmits it to his trade, if they be shrewd,
'Till we, his patrons, feel within ourselves
The thrill with which his chattels are imbued.

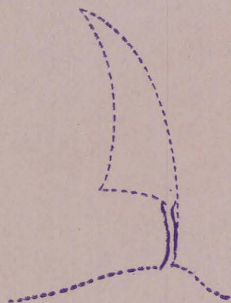
—From *Retail Ledger*.



A Healthland Message

BY JOHN T. LEMOS

The Fresh Air Elf sent this page to you. He wants you to feel happy and full of life, and he is sure that plenty of fresh air will help you to do it. When you have time, take your pencil and paper and draw these pictures the Elf sends to you.



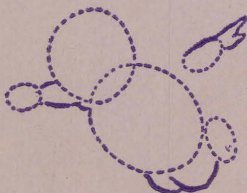
There's one good thing
That's always cheap,
And yet it's very hard
To beat.



It's all around us
Everyday,
And helps us all
Along the way.



You find it near you
Everywhere.
I'm sure you'll guess it.
Good FRESH AIR!



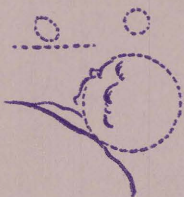
The Fresh-Air ELVES
All fly about,
And tone you up
Inside and out



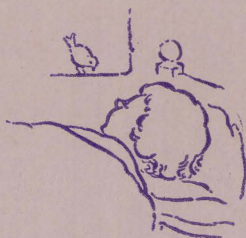
Take good deep breaths
The whole day long.
And you will feel
Both well and strong.



For Fresh-Air ELVES
Will run about
And put the BAD-AIR
GERMS to rout



Fresh air is good, too,
When you sleep,
And makes your rest
Serene and deep.



Just open up
Your windows wide
And let the Fresh-Air
Boys inside



Then, when you wake up
Feeling fine,
You're ready for
A real good time.